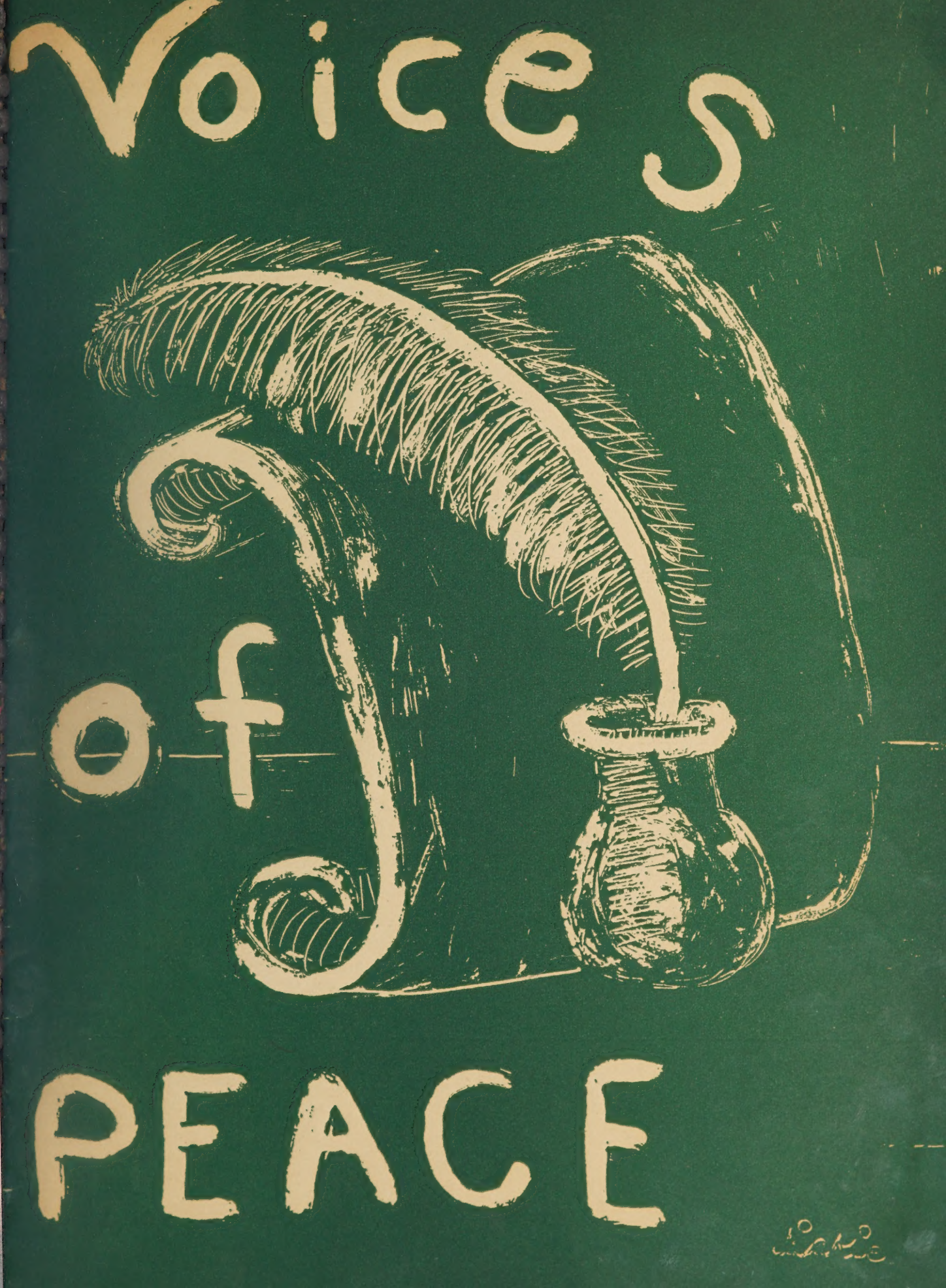
Voices of PEACE



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VOICES *of* PEACE

Volume XV Number Two

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PEACE COLLEGE

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

May, 1947

A "Real Peace Girl"

Our own Miss Lovie Jones, head of the Music Department, was once like us—a student here at Peace—and in later years she came back to her Alma Mater to teach music. She has been here longer than any other member of the present faculty and she is an integral part of Peace.

Miss Lovie was born in Wake County and has numerous family connections in this section of the state. She is a member of the First Baptist Church of Raleigh and is deeply interested in the activities of her church.

She has traveled extensively and has thoroughly studied her art. When a girl here at Peace she studied under Mr. James P. Brawley. She later studied in the Fontainebleau School of Music in France. She has been a pupil of Wager Swayne in Paris; of Joseffy in New York and of Frances Moore and Sidney Silber. More recently she has attended the Sherwood School of Music in Chicago. While a student there she also taught music. She studied the Curtis Method at the Chicago Musical School, and it is this method which she uses in her teaching now.

Miss Lovie has done much toward creating in her pupils a music-loving spirit. She takes a warm interest in her individual students, teaching them not only to play the piano well, but also to appreciate fine music.

Wherever she goes, Miss Lovie sheds an atmosphere of grace and sweetness. She has a charming smile for all girls whether her pupils or not. She is loved and admired not only by her students but by all who know her. Everyone recognizes in her a kind, sympathetic, lovable soul. Peace is proud of Miss Lovie, for she is indeed a "real Peace girl" and an ideal one too—an epitome of beauty and goodness.

Luella Allen '38

(reprinted from the
May, 1938 *Voices of Peace*)

"Salutatory"

First issue of the *Voices of Peace*—1889

"This little Magazine, which greets you for the first time, is simply what it claims to be, 'Voices of Peace.' It will tell of earnest girls, inspired with high aims and noble purposes, preparing for the broader arena that awaits them beyond these walls. It will speak of their work, their pleasures, their triumphs—earnest work, not the less useful that it suggests no 'strain of martial music'; simple pleasures, but giving a zest that the queens of society might envy; bloodless triumphs, but as dear to the hearts of school-girls as the olive wreath that crowned Olympian victors. There will be echoes from the past; reminiscences of the founders of the school and their co-laborers and successors; of alumnae who endeared themselves to teachers and schoolmates while here, and who have since won distinction in broader fields. Many of these now grace happy homes; many are laboring in some chosen calling. Many still linger near us; while others have wandered to distant States. From sunny skies and from snowy plains; from prairies and from mountains, will come letters telling us of their homes, their work, their travels.

"We bespeak for this little sheet a cordial welcome, not only from those who love our *Alma Mater,* but from all who are interested in higher education of women, and would see our girls keep abreast with those of other States. Although it reveals only school-girl life and opinions, we trust that the record of our work, our aims and aspirations may not be entirely devoid of interest to the general reader."

Editorial, *Voices of Peace*—1889.

Voices of Peace

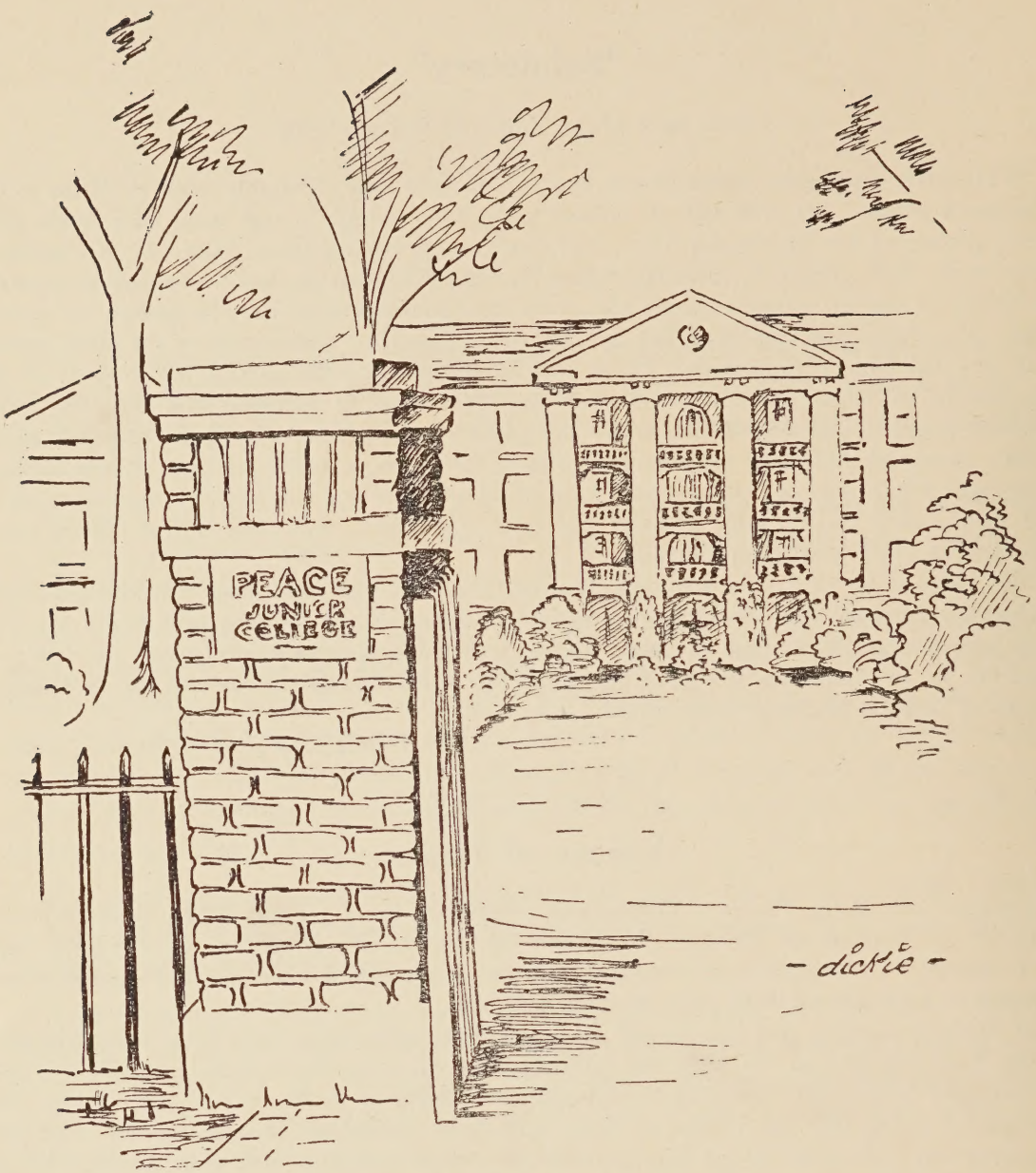
The first issue of the *Voices of Peace* was published in 1889. It was edited by seven Peace girls: F. A. Burwell, G. Rowland, M. Rouse, M. Smith, N. Hardison, E. Faucette, and N. Y. Burke. These girls were interested in higher education for women and wanted to see Peace girls kept abreast with girls in other colleges.

In the half century that has passed since the first issue, there have been many changes in the *Voices of Peace.* In 1895 the publication of the magazine was discontinued and was not resumed until 1920. Student Government was instated at Peace in 1918, and it was through its efforts that the *Voices of Peace* was again published. From 1920 to 1925, the magazine was published by the Literary Society, whose members were girls who had maintained the highest average in English for the preceding quarter.

In 1924 *Voices of Peace* was for a second time taken over by the student government organization and continued in their hands until 1930 when publication was again discontinued. In 1937 the Papyrus Club, an organization of students interested in creative writing, again undertook the publication of a literary magazine. The *Voices of Peace* is still published by the Papyrus Club.

Although *Voices of Peace* has passed through many hands during the past fifty-eight years, the ideals of principles that prompted the first issue have continued. The girls who edited the first *Voices of Peace* would be proud to know that today Peace still upholds the ideals and principles which are as basic in 1947 as they were in 1889.

Mary Bates Sherwood
Class of 1947



Our Gate

It stands—worn, weather-beaten, rustic, cold—but open, open to a world of dreams and opportunities. And it stands with pride—pride in the knowledge that young hearts come in and find their dreams. Dreams, if woven with threads of patience, loyalty, and truth, make a beautiful garment to be worn all through life. Our gate stands, year after year reaching out to embrace arrivals and yet expanding for those making their departure. With heads held high, hearts beating hard, and expectant, open faces, the "old girls" leave. But as they pass through the gates, steady hands cling to its soothing coldness just for a moment; and then with deep confidence, they move onward—out into the unknown world. But the gate is still in its place, humbly proud and exceedingly rich.

Serene Lutrel Smith
Senior Preparatory

The Fountain

The fountain is silhouetted against the blended colors of the evening sky. Pink and blue and white form a warm blanket of serenity.

The fountain is as much a part of Peace as the high ideals for which Peace stands. It has watched the growth of many Peace girls, and then seen them for the last time as students as they gather around it after Class Day and promote the rising Juniors to the much strived for place of Seniors.

Tomorrow it will watch the class of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Peace College. The water will gush forth, exultantly expressing its delight, and then fall remorsefully, like tears, in fond remembrance of many happy hours together. This fountain could never lose its place in our hearts, for in remembrances of our college days it will always hold its own as a symbol of all the joys and sorrows which we shared with it. We leave it only to store its remembrance in our treasure chest.

Daphne Pollock
Class of 1947

Peace College

A solitary monument of peace and self-denial,
Her customs and traditions shine upon her face.
What has been molds her present and her future.
Contentment weaves a vine about her frame.
Her voice, though soft, is firm and unrelenting.
Her actions are most virtuous and pure.
She seldom smiles or loses her composure.
She seldom contemplates or doubts or fears.
Alone she stands a monument of virtue.
She stands alone and glories in her plan.

Sara Klutz
Class of 1947

Falling Leaves

From my window I watched the leaves as they fell from the gaunt old trees to cover the dying grass. They swirled and winched as though in pain. The falling leaves seemed to say, "I hate to leave thee, Mother Tree. My tiny veins cannot live without your sweet nourishment. I hate to be cast down to the dry, cold ground, there to be trampled on by the foot of man. I know that I must fall even though you do not wish it, so down I go to kiss the earth with one quick, sweet touch and then to die."

As I watched, the wind rose and shifted the leaves. Those that had fallen easily and gracefully were blown about without mercy. Then the wind died down again and only a scattered few lifted their bodies and struggled to move. Two heavy shoe-clad feet came running through the leaves. The feet seemed to miss not one, but ran on and on through the brown cover the trees had shed. They crushed the small bodies under their heels and moved on.

Now those leaves that survived rested and slept upon the earth. They slept for many days; then suddenly something pushed against their bodies and green heads came from the awakening earth. The green heads came through the leaves and soon towered above them. The old tree looked down on the ground and seemed to smile, for now the leaves, that had suffered much, could enjoy their pain. They were being repaid by the green heads that looked up to heaven for strength to live.

Edna Whitehead
Class of 1947

Fifty Years Ago

Many girls have come and gone,
Newer feet have trod the lawn;
Fifty years ago today,
Great Aunt passed the time away
With English grammar, Shakespeare's plays
Working through October days.

Were you, fifty years ago,
Different from the girls I know?
Really different deep inside
Where all kinds of small things hide?
Weren't you, in spite of woman's grace,
A girl beneath your frills and lace?

Waxen flowers, stiff and staid,
The ladies out on promenade,
Down the stairway to the walk,
Chatting unimportant talk,
Flitting there with steps petite,
In flowery gowns with ruffles sweet.

Tinkling laughter symphony
On each pillared balcony;
And against each pillar pale,
Laughing roses on the rail,
Laughing at the latest match,
At some maiden's lucky catch.

Great Aunt Sara, would that you
Might tell the secrets you once knew;
The whispered secrets on your hall,
That boy you met, the senior ball,
The tricks you played with impish eye,
The sidewise glance, oh so shy.

I see the places on the stair
Where feet have worn smooth hollows there.
When fifty years ago, you went
Your mind on French or Latin bent
And worried if your grade would be
As high as "A" or low as "C."

And pondered just as I do now
If you would pass exams, and how.
What would you say today to these,
In sloppy sweaters, dungarees,

Whose dusty saddle oxfords wear
Still deeper hollows in the stair?
The times have changed, and they say, girls too,
But aren't we very much like you?

PEGGY J. WARREN
Senior Preparatory

Literary Notes From the Past

Voices of Peace—1889

Whittier says he expects to live to the age of one hundred years.

The London *Athenaeum* says: "Lord Tennyson's new volume is being kept back for the best of all reasons; he is writing for it some fine new poems." His powers of producing poetry are as vigorous as ever.

Voices of Peace—1890

One of the greatest losses to the literary world during the past year was the death of the poet Robert Browning. This sad event occurred at Venice, at the home of his son, Mr. Barret Browning, an artist in that place. . . .

Italy mourns him as her foster son, her constant lover, and Florence, although a decree prohibits any further burials where his wife lies, would undoubtedly have made an exception in his case had not England claimed his dust for Westminster Abbey.

Few people know that the poet Whittier is color-blind, and has been so for many years. He has just passed his eighty-second birthday, and seems to be in fairly good health. The weaknesses of old age are upon him, however, and he rarely writes for more than a half hour at a time.

Voices of Peace—1894

On the 20th of November, news was received announcing the death of one of the most brilliant of the world's geniuses.

Anton Rubinstein is no more. His long, wonderful career is forever closed, and not only does the musical world deeply mourn his loss, but thousands of people who have been inspired and uplifted by his magical power will never forget him.

The Literary Society has had many pleasant meetings this year. Soon after the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) they devoted an evening to the discussion of his life and works. Miss Merriman, class of '92, was with us then, and sang most feelingly "The Last Leaf on the Tree."

A Song

The poet feels a lovely thought transcend his soul,
And make his heart throb with emotion bold.
His mind creates a form of flawless grace
And thus it is a human heart unfolds.

A song sincere is written with much toil,
And he who reads the poet's song will find
A melody that swells within his heart,
A thought that ever lingers in his mind.

SARA KLUTZ
Class of 1947

Promise

The steps are creaky,
'N' the roof is leaky.

The cold water's hot,
'N' the hot water's not.

The model stands collapse,
'N' the radiator taps.

The bell may ring,
'N' we don't hear a thing.

The lights are poor,
'N' we can't close the door.

O, it would take so long
To tell you just what's wrong;

But when I'm a millionaire,
'N' streaked with gray my hair

I'll build a fine art lab
'N' tear down this old drab.

Elizabeth Dunn
Senior Preparatory

Imperfection's Beauty

Ah, yes, the cloudless day is beautiful
And there is no superior to the setting sun,
But there is deeper loveliness in imperfection,
A dying leaf—a fading, withered rose—a fallen one.

The rainbow clear and delicate brings enchantment,
And tall, straight trees with not a crooked limb,
But still more beautiful is the robin's nest of broken twigs
And the gold daffodil with swaying stem.

The freshness of a morning sun is soothing,
But the calm, sweet moments of the early dawn are best;
For greater joy is found in the earth's imperfect touch
That satisfies the soul's desire for rest.

Serene Lutrel Smith
Senior Preparatory

Published in *The News and Observer*—April 11, 1947

The Wistful Schoolboy

I wish we went to school outdoors
  Instead of in a house,
I wish instead of 'rithmetic
  We studied fish and grouse.

And wouldn't it be wonderful
  If 'stead of history
We hunted 'possums 'neath the stars
  Or climbed a hick'ry tree?

Oh, give me for my teacher
  A wise old mother 'coon;
Put me to sleep with 'possum hounds
  A'baying at the moon.

Don't wake me in the morning
  With a raucous clangy bell
But wake me with the fox hound's cry
  The squeaking of the well,

Where the darkies draw the water
  For the horses near the gate
While the pigeons on the barn tree
  Hold a hot and fast debate.

I stare out of the window and
  You'd think it is a crime.
"Pay attention! Pay attention!"
  For the twenty-millionth time.

And I really ain't daydreaming
  No, I really ain't at all.
Can I help it if a squirrel barked
  Or I saw an acorn fall?

The teacher doesn't know about
  The things that really count;
There ain't a single adverb in
  The things I dream about.

I bet the teacher never hunted
  'Possum 'neath the stars;
I bet she wouldn't know just what
  A lady slipper was.

And I bet she never galloped in
  The champagne of the air
To the squeakin' of a saddle
  With the wind blowin' her hair.

She thinks I'm dumb, and talks of nouns
  And tries to make me see;
I feel sorry for the teacher,
  Don't see why she pities me.

Peggy J. Warren
Senior Preparatory

Wisteria

How oft have eyes looked upon your purple sprays—
  Your tender blossoms with their cloying scent,
Budding forth to lend new life in April days
  Lavender and snow blooms earthward bent.

You love to cling upon some cherry wild
  Or wind between new trellis boards.
In some respects you represent a smiling child,
  Yet your blooms resemble solemn, noble lords.

Centuries ago your home was in the Orient;
  The Ancient Chinese painted many a dainty pod.
To poets and dreamers you were what their hearts have meant,
  Ever climbing up toward God.

Blueish purple, lavender, and white—
  America has found and cherished your lacy vines.
Fragrant are your buds to add delight
  To summer's host of flowering kinds.

Gloria Marjorie Moore
Class of 1947

Peace's New Collegiate Dictionary

A — A's and T's . . . Where *were* you last Wednesday?
Agromeck . . . Album of familiar (?) faces.
Aspirin . . . See "Bethune."
Ansley . . . Dispatcher of sad tidings.

B — Bethune . . . See "aspirin."
Basketball . . . Oh, my aching back!

C — Callers . . . Saturday night's attraction.
Carolina . . . Utopia.
Cokes . . . Support of missonaries.
Commodore . . . Eek, what is it?

D — Daisies . . . Prep's delight.
Dean . . . See "villain."
Diploma . . . Reward of time wasted on immaterial things.
Duke . . . Durham's claim to fame.

E — Editors . . . Martyrs of a noble cause.
Enzor . . . See "basketball."
English . . . Senior's burden.
Exercise . . . Time wasted.

F — Frat pins . . . The reaper's reward.
Flunk . . . To be and not to seem . . . Failed.
Future . . . Our only hope.

G — Grammer . . . The bride's cookbook.
Gum . . . The cow.
Gym . . . Peace's dream.

H — Happiness . . . Always in the dictionary.
Home . . . Oh, bliss, oh joy!

I — I . . . That's me.
Idiots . . . Animals molded at Peace foundry during exam week.

J — Jones . . . "Once a Peace girl, always a Peace girl."
Junior . . . They got a lot to learn!

K — Kuhns . . . "Say what you mean and mean what you say."

L — Laboratory . . . Danger, high explosives.
Lasher . . . If she isn't prepared.
Lemons . . . Faculty wholesale dealers.
Love . . . Ask any Peace girl.
Little Drug . . . "Paradise Lost" . . . money saved.

M — Major . . . "Hello, pretty girl."
M. E. Moore . . . She must like the place.

N — N. C. State . . . Cow College.

O — Old Maids . . . "Maidens withering on the stalk; girls that are forty."

P — Peace . . . Anywhere except here.
Phelps . . . "Music makes the world go round."
Pressly . . . Big Boss.
Privileges . . . Rewards for the "unketched."

Q Q.X.F. . . . Anyone explaining apply to office at once!

R Rules . . . Not few and far between.
Rothrock . . . Guardian of torture chamber.
S Stout . . . See significance.
Stung . . . The pleasant sensation felt when "sat upon."
Senior . . . Reward of the ambitious.
Significance . . . See Stout.
Stoops . . . Believes that the North won the War Between the States.
Spanish . . . "South America, take it away."
T Time . . . It marches on—

U Understand? . . . No!!!

V Van . . . Swoon, Swoon.
Villain—"I'll smile and smile and be one still."
W Wake Forest . . . Summer holiday.
Whitesides . . . Boy, can she cook?
X 'Xams . . . From these, deliver us.

Y Young . . . You are only as old as you act.

Z Zip . . . . . .

Mary Lou Pressly
Mary Bates Sherwood
Class of 1947

Fate

When I was eight and ten,
And my days at home had come to end,
My father said, "Mother, to school her we shall send,
But, remember, one where there are no men."

I was stubborn, and a little worried, too,
I could not understand their point of view.
But, finally, when I thought that I had won,
They told me they had chosen just the one
So, smiling to myself, my trouble 'gan to cease,
But, now I find myself at . . . dear old Peace!

Ruby Hampton Homesley
Class of 1948

Verses

Poetry is the vision
  That swells inside the breast,
The sudden revelation
  Of the chalice of the quest.

Poetry is elation, song,
  Sunrise in a narrow street,
Triumphal inspiration,
  Warm, and beautiful, and fleet.

The poet sees the vision
  Of the picture that should be
Limitless as creation
  And as basic as the sea.

He sees the woods to paint it
  With winged sandals shod,
And still he gropes to say it,
  And the mortal phrases plod.

The poet struggles through the mist,
  The cobwebs of restraint,
To put a thing in finite words
  Too infinite to paint.

Peggy J. Warren
Senior Preparatory